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GENUINE CURTEICH-CHICAGO "C.T.ART-COLORTONE" POST CARD (REG. U.S. PAT.OFF.)

POST CARD

PLACE  
STAMP  
HERE



### THAT'S CAPE COD

Where friendly little houses are  
With blinds of blue or green,  
Where water-lilies lift their cups—  
The fairest ever seen—  
Within the sound of Ocean's roar,  
Along the ever changing shores,  
That's Cape Cod.

Where gaily painted wind-mills  
whirl,  
And Bob-whites call, and  
Whippoorwills;  
Where old roads wind among  
the trees,  
And every breeze some white  
sail fills;  
Where roses climb on old gray  
walls,  
When soft-voiced summer  
stands and calls,  
That's Cape Cod.

Where great white churches  
crown the hills,  
And look o'er sea and land,  
Blood-brothers of the beacons  
tall,  
Like sentinels they stand,  
Unshaken tho' the tempests rage,  
Unmoved from age to age,  
That's Cape Cod.

Bernice Hall Legg